

A
L E T T E R

T O

Mr G-----K,

641. f. 8
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Relative to His treble Capacity of
Manager, Actor, and Author;

With some REMARKS on

L E T H E.

All Three! All Three!

G A Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by *W. Reeve*, in *Fleet-Street*; and *A. Dodd*, opposite *St. Clement's Church*, in the *Strand*. 1749.

[Price Six - pence.]

A
LETTER

O

Mr.

Right Hon. and Noble Cardinal

Manager, Adm., and Author

With some REMARKS ON

LETTER



All Three! All Three!

CAY

LONDON

Printed and sold by W. Keble, in West-
Street; and A. Dodd, opposite St. E.
ment's Church, in the Strand. 1798.

[Price Six-pence]

(8)

~~(how I am to be treated)~~
~~(can) upon your late Management~~
~~Willing, and the Lord I have~~
~~the Divisions of the Publick, for~~
~~which Making too often form~~
~~Morals, and endeavour to~~
~~they be repaired: And I~~

LETTER

~~course in many a virtuous~~
~~as a Thief, repented in all the~~
~~ing Pleasures of Profligacy, has not~~
~~little contributed to furnishing the Road~~
~~and the Streets with Pollies and~~
~~lectors~~

Mr G-----K.

S I R,

AS your uncommon Merit, and
Success have already got you
the ill Word of the Envious
and Malicious; and, as I
don't care to take either of those Cha-
racters upon me, I think proper to
declare, that the following Remarks
B (how

(how severe soever you may think 'em) upon your late Management and Writings, are only the Effect of my Judgment, and the Zeal I have for the Diversions of the Publick, from which Mankind too often form their Morals, and endeavour to *be* what they see represented: And I don't doubt, but a well-drawn Hero, warmly supported by the Actor, has inspir'd Courage in many a timorous Mind; as a Thief, represented in all the glaring Pleasures of Prosperity, has not a little contributed to furnishing the Road and the Stews with Bullies and Collectors.

Now you, as Manager, Actor and Author, have a good deal of the Education (as I may call it) of the Vulgar in your Hands; therefore I think every Man has a Right to draw his Pen against you, when he sees you misapply the Power that is plac'd in you, for your Countrymens Service.

I don't know, whether your late Conduct has been owing to Folly or Vanity; though I am apt to believe the latter, since I find you begin to scorn the low Applauses of this tene-

trial Globe, and a few Days ago —
 slap — took a Leap into the Moon,
 where you had my Consent to sit till
 Doomsday — Aye — and got a Pa-
 tent to turn out the present Incum-
 bent, had you not been cruel enough
 to take all the Holiday-Pools along
 with you — which I can look upon
 in no other Light, than a Plot upon
 the Understandings of the younger
 Part of the Nation, in order to make
 the future Age all *Lunaticks*.

This Reflection immediately took
 Place, upon reading your Bills; and I
 with great Indignation turn'd away, in
 Hopes the opposite Post would afford
 me a more rational Entertainment: But
 how was I amaz'd, when I found *that*
 loaded with the same mad Nonsense!
Bless me! cry'd I, *is the Frenzy*
epidemic! Thus was I fixt between
two Moons; and had certainly felt the
 fatal Effects of that Planet, had I not
 immediately taken Shelter in the *Sun*
Albouse.

Which Manager claims the first
 Thought of starting this ingenious
 Piece, is what greatly confounds me.
 Sometimes I find a Reason for one;
 sometimes

Sometimes for the other: And yet there is a general Reason, that makes all my Reasons of no Weight, and leaves me as much in the Dark as ever; which is, that we all know *He* will never do any Thing like *You*; and we likewise know, you have too much Regard to your own Interest, ever to do any Thing like *Him*.

Then, since I am oblig'd, to leave this Crime uncorrected, not being able to know the Offender, (for, like School-Boys, I suppose you will lay it upon one another, and cry, *It was not me, Sir, it was Johnny*: And *Johnny* will reply, *It was not I, it was Davy*) I must drop the Argument, and apply myself to you only, upon other Facts; for, really, you have been a notorious Youth.

I trac'd you from the *Moon* into *White-Fryars*, where I found you fast asleep in a House full of laughing *Assatians*, while Tragedy was roaring at the other sensible pantomimical Theatre to empty Benches; who, I wonder, as they are not capable of Instruction, don't leave their Situation, and help to

ease the Multitude of *Standers at Drury-Lane.*

The next Thing I heard of you, was, that you had got into the infernal Regions; which, I thought, was hard, and a little before your Time: But when I heard you went in your own Coach, my Pity ceas'd, and I imagin'd you had retir'd there for Safety, from the Vengeance that pursu'd your former Outrages.

Now, Sir, (though I know it is a little inhuman to insult a Prisoner; for, I suppose, you'll be confin'd in *Lethe* some Time, and perhaps drink yourself up to a Forgetfulness of all your other Performances) I must have a touch at these Medley of Characters, of your own creating; I mean, as far as they relate to this World: Nor must you be offended at it; for as Wit is the Rod of Morals, and Ferrel of Principles; and as the Birch is in your Hands, give me Leave, under the Privilege of a School-Boy, as a Frolick these Holidays, to wrest it from you, and apply it, with great Propriety, to its Master.——So have at you.

First;

First; your *Poet*, I think, an Affront upon the whole Body of Authors; from the historical Writers of Facts and Politicks, down to the fictions Scribblers of Murders and Ballads.—I am sure you can't call it natural; for you never saw such a Man, but in the Glass of your own Imagination; therefore it must be drawn only from your own Opinion, and what you think they deserve.—For you can't be insensible, that some, *even of the worst Kind*, appear every Day in much better Accoutrements, than what you have bestow'd upon your poor Bard. But I don't wonder at the despicable Condition of an Author, when he comes once under the Hands of a Manager.—As to the noble *L*— you mention, I wish he could have known himself (as I don't doubt he did, for I saw many blush in the Boxes) that though he disappointed you in your Dedication, he might have made you Amends for your Admonition; for some of those Gentlemen are punctual at paying *one Way*, though they sometimes forget *the other*.

Your

(II)

Your *Miser* I think a very sensible and natural Character, and seems to be one you have nicely consider'd, and taken great Pains to make complete. I don't know one in the whole Piece better drawn, unless it be his Man, and he very naturally, and very justly, to the best of my Remembrance, did not speak one Word.

Your *Beau* I take to be a Satire upon those young Gentlemen, of foreign Education; who, at the Expence of large Fortunes, and great Fatigue, have generously instructed us in the Customs and Manners of other Countries. — To prove this true: How should we have ever arriv'd at that noble and *eloquent* Entertainment, call'd Pantomime, had it not been for them? A Sort of *Eye Poetry*! that not only diverts the Beholders, but is a pleasant Amusement to the Author, free from all scholastic Labour and scientific Fatigue; where a Man may spare himself the poring over deceased Authors (by which many a one has lost his Sight) — Every alert Mind may produce a Piece worthy Applause in this Way; for it is impossible a Man can commit

commit many Errors in a *Species of Poetry*, where he can't write false Grammar. — This is the Produce of foreign Countries! and a Thousand other Diversions, that we have not, as yet, been able to understand; or find, in our *rude Language*, proper Names for. — And after all their Trouble, is it a capital Crime, and worthy the Lash of a Satirist, to stand a little too forward upon the Stage? No, sure, it is their proper Place; where all the World may gaze at them, and pay proper Veneration to their Merit. — Then again; in the Correction of these Gentry (suppose they deserv'd it) I think you are not over and above complaisant to our Lower People in the Upper Gallery, since you accuse 'em of throwing

Half-eaten Pippins and suck'd Oranges.

I think you had better have spoke plain *English*, and call'd 'em all Hogs at once. — In short, the Beans, as you call 'em, so odious in your Opinion, I think as good an Ornament, and of as much Use to the Scene, as the Grenadiers.

As to the *Harlequin-Pantin* (so much exploded by the Audience) considering the Person that play'd the Character, I think quite proper, it being no more than hanging out a Sign of his double Capacity; like a Taylor, who set up a Publick-House, and chose for his Sign the *Bottle and Breeches*.

The two next Characters I look upon as a Cruelty beyond Compare; which are the poor *Kettle-Drummer*, and his *Wife*. What had they done, to deserve your Censure? The poor Man never clamour'd against you; but, on the contrary, has been very assiduous and noisy for your Service. Pray how would your boasted Tragedies and Heroes suffer, if it was not for those Gentlemen? Think how flat your *Bosworth-Field*, or Plain of *Agincourt* would be, without a Drum! O think in what dull State your Monarchs would appear, if it was not for that warlike Instrument! For the Affront you have thus unjustly thrown upon 'em, I wou'd advise my worthy Friends of the *Row-down* to punish you with perpetual Silence, and let

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the

the Audience sleep in Quiet. — As to the *Lady*, I can only pity her, for sharing in her Husband's Sufferings, and hope her Tongue will revenge the Injury done to the Honour of the Drum.

The *French Marquis*, I must own, is the very Map of the Country, and a Picture of *their Morals*, and *our Folly*; which, though just, I don't think it your Business to expose: For shou'd my Countrymen be once convinc'd of their Error, how many favourite Pieces must be exploded? how many *Connoisseurs* despis'd? how many Authors damn'd? *Burlettas* pelted? and *Lethe*, I am afraid, wou'd *Run* only in its native Channel, where no mortal Eyes wou'd desire to pay it a Visit. — But as Folly and Fashion have taken Place of Reason and Instruction, I wish you Joy of your Success, and am, with all Conformity, your *Toupee's* most obedient humble Servant.

As to Mrs. *Riot*, I think it natural, but not your own; yet I can't certainly say where you stole it: But, I believe, it must be either from the
Mall,

Mall, or *Bedlam*; for in the first I have often seen such fine Ladies, made so by their uncommon Prosperity, and unbounded Fortunes; and in the latter, too many, dress'd by Affliction, in the same fantastic Habit of Ridicule — You'll pardon my Absurdity, when I think (and the Fashion almost proves it) that *Fortune* and *Mr. fortune* have but one Taylor.

The *Drunken Man*, I believe, you'll confess deserv'd Correction; and, if he had not taken Shelter under Mr. G——, we should certainly have us'd him, as Drunkards generally deserve, and broke his Head; and, I believe, he was apprehensive of it, for before he tasted a Drop of *Lethe*, he grew very sober and concise.

As to my Friend, the *Taylor*, as he has already suffer'd the Law, I don't think it fair to give him any farther Punishment; but must advise him to drink *Lethe*, to forget he ever was a *Taylor*.

All I observ'd of the Rest of the *Characters*, was, that *Aesop* was dull,
Charon

Charon was hoarse, and *Mercury* a pretty Fellow.

Thus, Sir, have I given you my impartial Opinion of *Lethe*; and, I think, if you wou'd omit all the Passages I have objected to, it may prove a rational and pleasant Entertainment. Nor will it be any Thing beneath those other two famous Productions of yours, *The Lying Valet*, and *Miss in Her Teens*; Pieces so ridiculous, that the People have laugh'd so long at 'em, that they now begin to despise 'em.

Before I take my Leave, to let you see I am the impartial Critic. I say I am, I shall make some Observations upon your Friends and Foes in the Audience the first Night. A Gentleman that sat next to me, soon as the Play was over, said to his Friend, *Now for it; have you got your Catcall?* *Yes, yes,* reply'd the other, *I never go without my Tackle*, and immediately try'd the Force of his Instrument. Others were prepar'd as strenuously to support it; so that I don't think there were three People, besides myself, that intended Justice. This the Consequence prov'd; for both Sides were so ready
to

to approve and condemn, that I could not hear distinctly one Sentence: Nay, one of your Friends, as I took him for, was so very zealous, that he kept clapping his Hands the whole Time, to the Disturbance of all others, Friends and Foes. I often desir'd him to cease, but in vain; he still kept the same Motion, as if his Opinion was rather guided by Clockwork, than Reason. As I love Warmth in Friendship, I let him go on, with Admiration of his good Design, though Contempt of his Judgment.

The Piece over, we began to give our several Opinions of it. While this was doing, I pointed out to a Friend of mine, this Prodigy of Friendship I before mention'd; when I was whisper'd, that he was an Enemy, and came thither fully determin'd to damn the Farce. — *Impossible*, said I in a Rage, *why he has been clapping the whole Time.* — *No Matter for that*, said my Friend, *it is as I tell you; he is a Critic, and an Enemy to every Thing that has the Prospect of Success.* A Critic, said I, *he must be a damn'd silly one then, for it is plain*

*plain he does not know his Hands
from his Mouth.*

Though this Critic (as he is call'd) was a little extraordinary in his Behaviour; yet, I think, the whole Body of Men, that dare answer to that Name, as ridiculous and trifling, to make such Noise and Division about a foolish Piece of Stuff, hardly worth the Censure (if Great Ones did not give it countenance) of a common Ballad-Monger, — the Product of a mad Brain, and acted in Defiance of Reason and true Genius. — Shall I never see the Tragic Muse assume her Seat! Shall skipping, dancing Heroes, drive the true, the graceful, and the lofty Monarchs from the Scene! Shall Fashion for ever banish Dignity! Shall I never hear the Stage rebound with *Weight* and *Consequence*! Shall I never see a Buskin, but what stands a *Tip-toe*! Must every Tragedy lose *Half* its Length, because it is the Fashion to speak (as they call it) with Spirit and Fire! Come, join with me, you Critics, and restore the Stage to its ancient Honours. Give your Applauses, where they are only due; to the Grave, the Slow, to the extended
Legs,

Legs, and the expanded Arms; so shall
the *Drama* shew all its Power, and
T—— C—— play Tragedy again.

So, Sir, I wish you, your Friends,
your Foes, and myself, a hearty Draught
of *Lethe*——that you may forget you
wrote; your Friends that they espous'd
it; your Foes (especially the clapping
Critic) that they cou'd not damn it;
and myself, that I may never remem-
ber I said any Thing about it: Which
is all at present from,

Yours, &c.

Legs and the expanded Arms; to that
the Drama shew all its Power, and
play Tragedy again.

So, Sir, I wish your Friends
your Poes, and myself, a hearty Daunt
of Letters—that you might be
wrote; your Friends that expect
it; your Poes (especially Chapman
Giles) that they could damn it;
and myself, that I may never remem-
ber I said any Thing about it: Which
is all at present from,



Yours &c.